PREQUEL TO THE HIT CW TV SERIES!

SUPERNATURAL

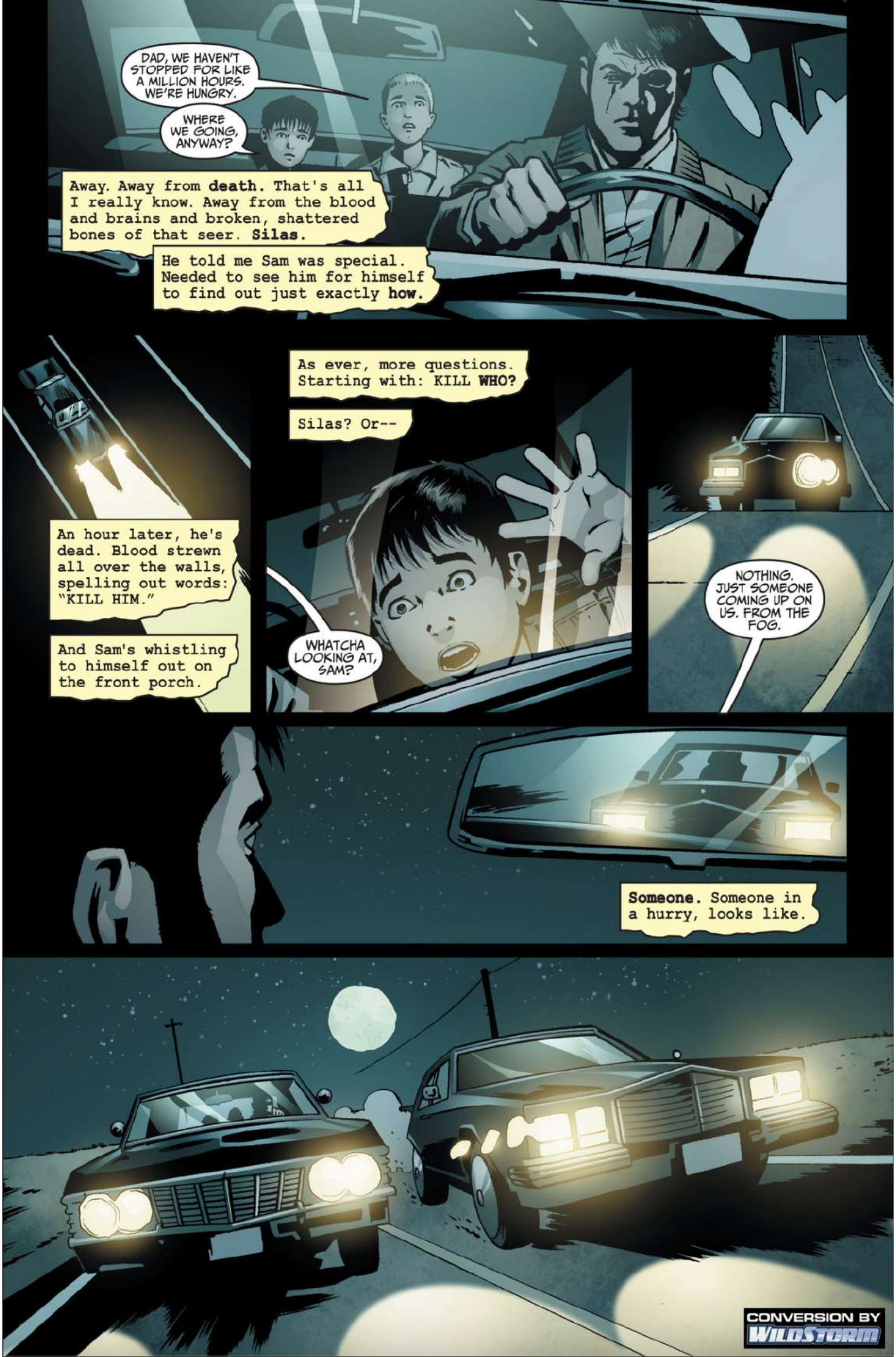
RISING SON

#4 of 6 SEP 08

WILDSTORM

JOHNSON • DESSERTINE • OLMOS

WILDSTORM.COM

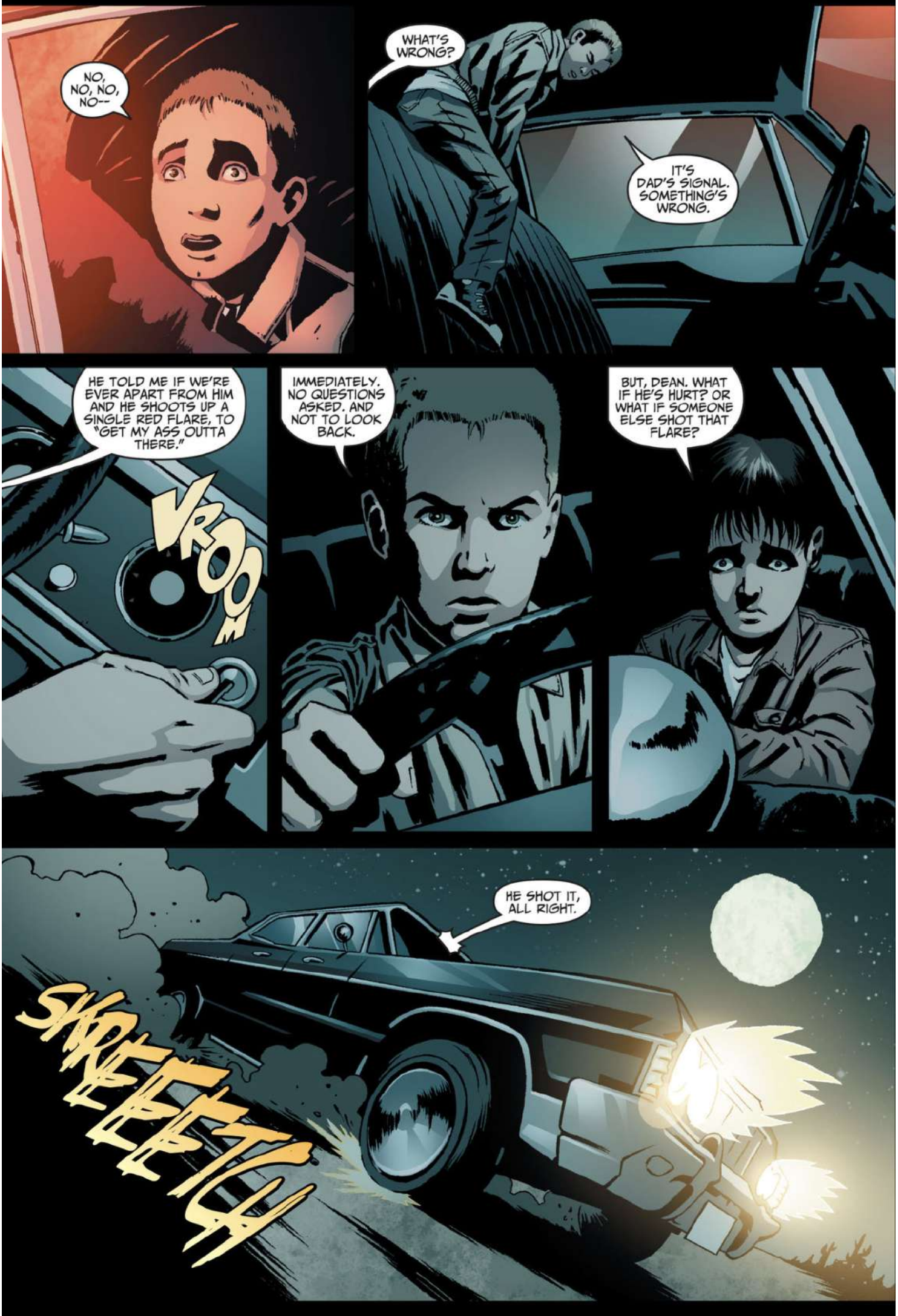

DAD, WE HAVEN'T STOPPED FOR LIKE A MILLION HOURS. WE'RE HUNGRY.
WHERE WE GOING, ANYWAY?
Away. Away from **death.** That's all I really know. Away from the blood and brains and broken, shattered bones of that seer. **Silas.**
He told me Sam was special. Needed to see him for himself to find out just exactly **how.**
An hour later, he's dead. Blood strewn all over the walls, spelling out words: "KILL HIM."
And Sam's whistling to himself out on the front porch.
As ever, more questions. Starting with: KILL **WHO?**
Silas? Or--
WHATCHA LOOKING AT, SAM?
NOTHING. JUST SOMEONE COMING UP ON US. FROM THE FOG.
Someone. Someone in a hurry, looks like.
CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

Sonuva--it's **him** again. It's that car.
HANG ON, BOYS!
Last time I saw it, he passed me going the other way from Silas's.
Had a weird moment outside a diner with Sam before that. And now--?
This don't feel like a chance encounter.
Let's see what happens when I bring the game to him before he can do the same to me.
KRASH

DON'T MOVE.
WHOA NOW, WINCHESTER! I MEAN YOU NO HARM.
HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU.
AT LEAST, EVERY ONE OF US.
YOU'RE...A HUNTER?
CALL ME ANDERSON.
WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING US?
NOT FOLLOWING. PROTECTING.
SOMETHING KILLED SILAS. SOMETHING THAT'S OUT HERE SOMEWHERE.
YOUR BOY OVER THERE WAS TWO FEET AWAY FROM THE WHOLE THING. OR CLOSER...
LET'S TAKE A LITTLE WALK, FINISH THIS IN PRIVATE.
AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT THE THING THAT KILLED THE OLD MAN? DON'CHA WONDER WHAT IT WAS?
HOW DO I KNOW IT WASN'T YOU WHO KILLED HIM? YOU NEARLY RAN US OFF THE ROAD JUST NOW. STRIKES ME THAT YOU'RE HERE TO FINISH THE JOB.

JUST EXACTLY WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?
YOUR SON, JOHN. SAM.
HE WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED. WHEN SILAS WAS MURDERED BY SOMETHING EVIL.
HE'S THE ONE WHO DID IT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SILAS TOLD ME SOMETHING WAS COMING.
TWO WEEKS AGO WHEN I LAST SAW HIM. SAID SOMEONE WOULD SOON WALK AMONG US. A LEADER, DESTINED TO RAISE AN ARMY OF DARKNESS AGAINST THIS WORLD, JOHN.
AT THE DINER THAT NIGHT, OUT IN THE PARKING LOT. I COULD TELL IT WAS HIM.
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, YOU SON OF A BITCH. YOU MURDERED SILAS!
YOU--
UNNGHH!

MEET THE DOWRY BROTHERS, JOHN. HANK, BEN, AND DAN. HERE TO HELP A FRIEND IN NEED.
A trap--
SAM KILLED SILAS BECAUSE HE GOT TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH. SO I'M GOING AFTER HIM. AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM.
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
ONE AGAINST THREE. I WOULDN'T DO THAT, JOHN.
YOU'RE NOT TOUCHING MY SON. I'LL KILL YOU LONG BEFORE YOU GET THE CHANCE.


NO, NO, NO, NO--
WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S DAD'S SIGNAL. SOMETHING'S WRONG.
HE TOLD ME IF WE'RE EVER APART FROM HIM AND HE SHOOTS UP A SINGLE RED FLARE, TO "GET MY ASS OUTTA THERE."
VROOM
IMMEDIATELY. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. AND NOT TO LOOK BACK.
BUT, DEAN. WHAT IF HE'S HURT? OR WHAT IF SOMEONE ELSE SHOT THAT FLARE?
HE SHOT IT, ALL RIGHT.
SKRETCH

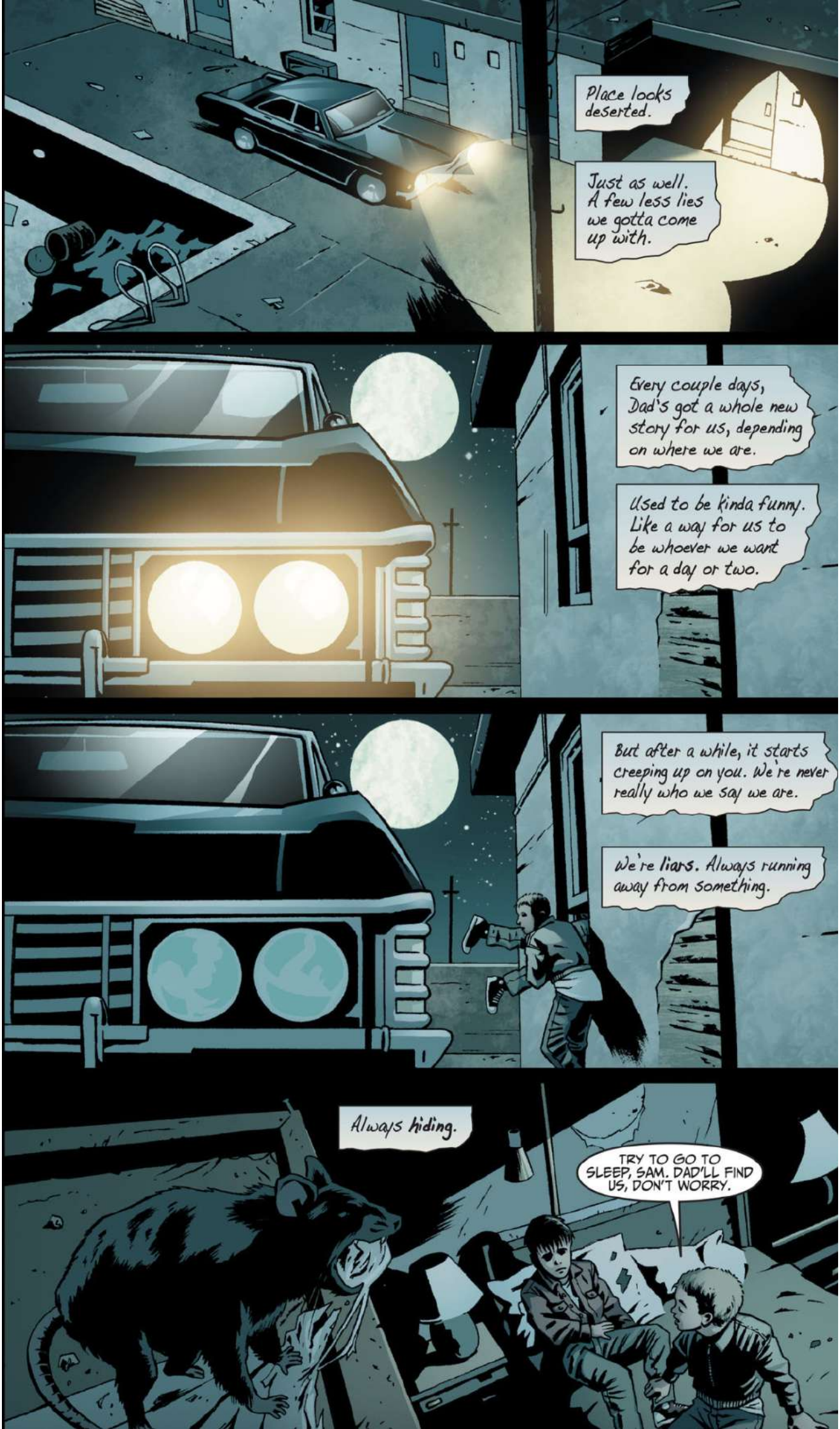
KRAK
THAT WAS STUPID, JOHN. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT WAS SMART? TEACHING YOUR KID TO DRIVE. GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU.
WON'T MATTER, THOUGH. I'M A HUNTER, REMEMBER? AIN'T GONNA BE HARD TO TRACK DOWN A SCARED KID BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A MUSCLE CAR. HECK, COPS MIGHT SAVE ME THE TROUBLE.
EITHER WAY, YOU NEED TO COME TO TERMS WITH SOMETHING. YOUR SON SAM NEEDS TO BE DEALT WITH. ONCE WORD GETS OUT--AND IT WILL--WE WON'T BE THE ONLY HUNTERS GUNNING FOR YOUR BOY.
HATE TO PUT IT THIS WAY, BUT IF *YOU* CAN'T DO IT, I *WILL*.
NOT IF I KILL YOU FIRST.
YOU FELLAS DON'T TALK MUCH DO YOU?

NOT MUCH TO SAY, IS THERE.
YOU GUYS BOY SCOUTS?
HUH?
I GUESS NOT. BUT I AM.
GOOD FOR YOU.
'CUZ YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.
A GOOD BOY SCOUT--
ALWAYS COMES PREPARED.
UGHH!

OOOFFF!
CHU-CHIK
HUNTERS DON'T KILL EACH OTHER, WINCHESTER.
JUST THEIR KIDS, RIGHT?
JUST PUT YOUR GUN DOWN, OR I'LL--
Hid the bodies for now. Give 'em a better burial after this is over. Until then...I need to hitch a ride.
BLAMM

HOONNKK
A little over the top...
...but what the hell.
SORRY TO DO THIS TO YOU, FRIEND...
BUT SOME ALBINO MANIAC FREAK IS TRYING TO KILL MY KIDS, AND I NEED TO GO GET 'EM.

Sam. Dean. I'm coming for you.
I'm coming for you.
And then I'll kill you.
I'll break your skull open and pull your brains apart and wet down the pavement with your blood and whatever else is inside you.
And I'll stare at your cold, dead face as my sons get back in the car and we drive away from you and you sit in a pile of dirt and maggots and the stench that you leave behind.
I'm coming for you. That's a promise.
MOTEL
LUCKY 7


Place looks deserted.
Just as well. A few less lies we gotta come up with.
Every couple days, Dad's got a whole new story for us, depending on where we are.
Used to be kinda funny. Like a way for us to be whoever we want for a day or two.
But after a while, it starts creeping up on you. We're never really who we say we are.
We're liars. Always running away from something.
Always hiding.
TRY TO GO TO SLEEP, SAM. DAD'LL FIND US, DON'T WORRY.

ONE HOUR LATER
WHATCHA LOOKIN' AT, DEAN?
NUTHIN'. DEAD QUIET OUT THERE. GO TO SLEEP.
I'M HUNGRY. WE HAVEN'T EATEN IN LIKE TWO DAYS.
I THOUGHT I SAW A VENDING MACHINE OUT THERE.
JUST STAY QUIET, SAM.
AND DON'T MOVE.
That's it. Keep going.
THWAK
GET UP.
DEAAANNN!
SAM?!

GET OUTTA HERE, KID.
WHERE'S SAM?!
DO YOURSELF A FAVOR. FORGET ABOUT YOUR BROTHER.
DEAN!
WHERE'D YA GET THE GUN, KID?
OUR TRUNK'S *FULL* OF GOOD STUFF. NOW, GIVE ME BACK MY BROTHER.
YOU'RE BEST OFF WITHOUT HIM. WE ALL ARE.
I'LL SHOOT YOU IF YOU DON'T GIVE HIM BACK.
KID, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO HOLD THAT THING.
I'LL GO THROUGH YOU IF I HAVE--

WHAM

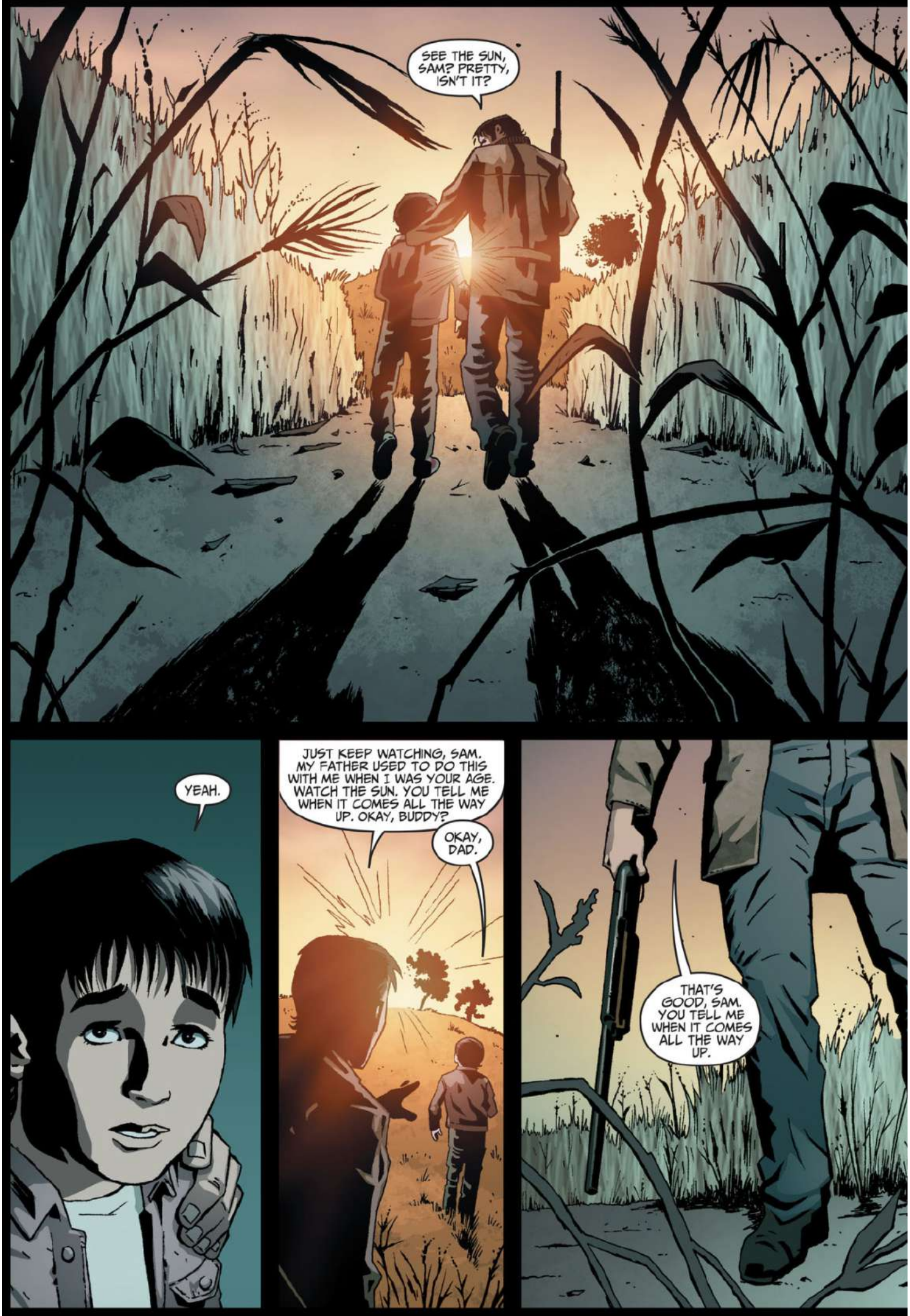
YOU FOOL.
KRAASH!
I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM MY SONS.

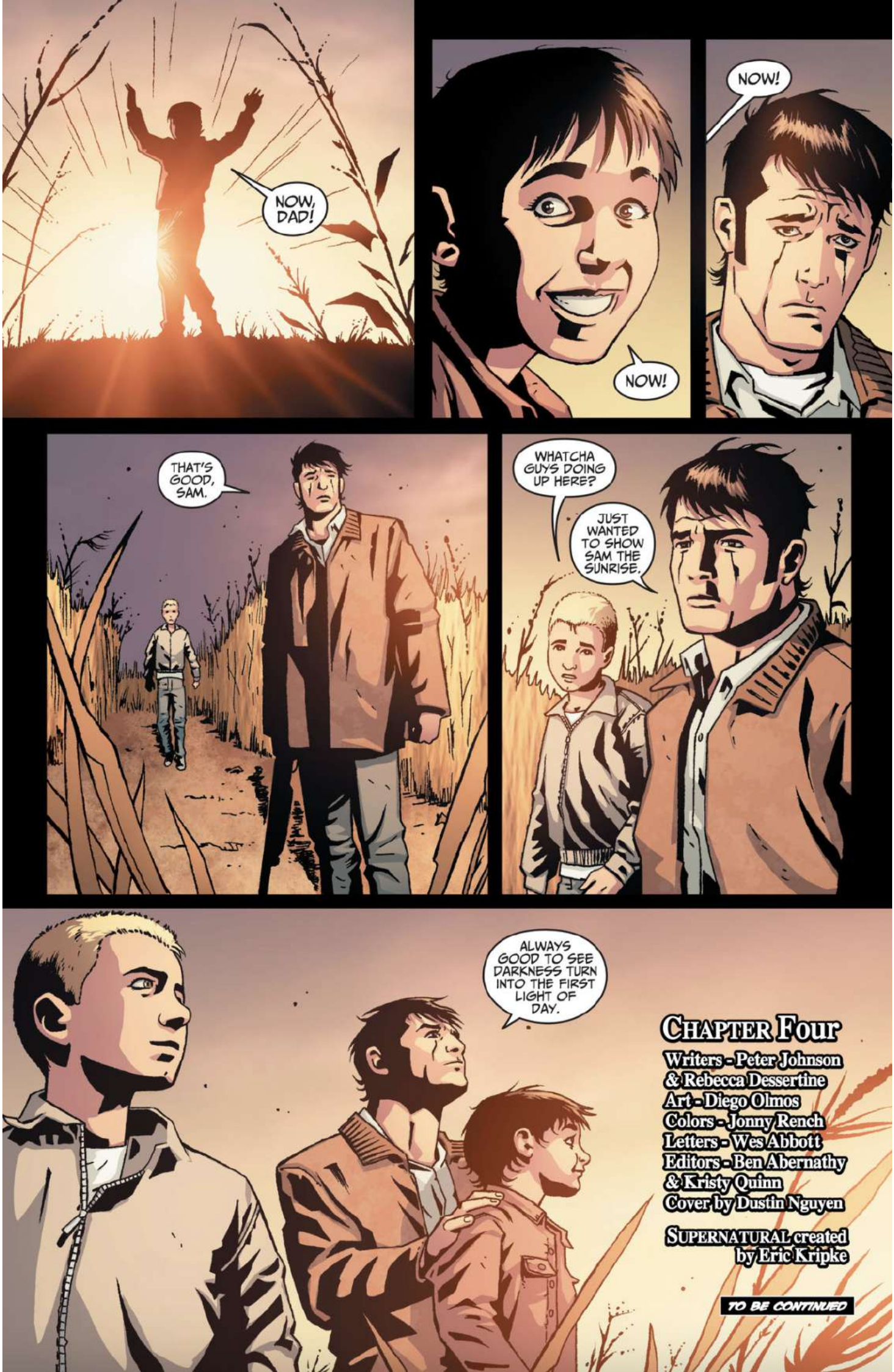
YOU NEED TO START LISTENING. YOUR SON IS GOING TO *END* THE WORLD!
SILAS KNEW SOMEONE WAS COMING, AND NOW HE'S DEAD. YOUR SON WAS THERE. I *SAW* HIM.
IF YOU WANT TO KILL HIM SO BADLY, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST DO IT THEN?
WASN'T READY. NEEDED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DEALING WITH FIRST. FROM WHAT I SAW IN THAT ROOM? ALL I KNEW IS I NEEDED TO GET THE HELL OUTTA THERE. REGROUP.
KILL HIM, JOHN. OR WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A STRANGER DO IT?
GO TO HELL!

DON'T YOU SEE IT? "KILL HIM." IT'S THE LAST MESSAGE SILAS WAS ABLE TO GIVE US. IN HIS OWN BLOOD.
KILL HIM. YOU HAVE TO DO IT. NOW. HE'S MOST VULNERABLE WHEN HE'S WITH YOU. HIS FATHER. HIS FAMILY. YOU CAN SAVE ONE SON BY KILLING THE OTHER.
MURDERER. YOU'RE INSANE.
HE'S EVIL AND YOU KNOW IT.
HE'S NOT EVIL. HE'S MY SON--
DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT? HE'S NOT YOUR SON. HE'S MORE THAN THAT. HE'S--
BLAMM
IT'S OVER NOW, DAD.

--and then put Anderson's body back in that Caddie and torched them both. Should look like some roadweary traveller flipped his lid and went for a joyride in that stolen 18-wheeler. Before blowing his brains out. Bullet hit the gas tank, and the rest is history.
Well, with the help of that truck driver, if I can trust him. Once he saw my boys safe and sound, he agreed that, as far as he's concerned, it was a certain crazed albino who stole his truck. And giving him the $1,000 I found in Anderson's car didn't hurt, either.
None of which can help what's troubling me most.
First Silas, now Anderson. What the hell am I supposed to believe? That my son is evil? That he'll lead an army of darkness one day?
The words on that wall. "KILL HIM"--
DAD?
YEAH, SAM. WHAT'S WRONG?
DAD, I THINK YOU NEED TO DO IT.
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SAM, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN-- EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT.
WHAT, SAM? WHAT DO I KNOW?
THAT YOU NEED TO KILL ME.

NO! SAM--
SAM...
DAD, WHAT IS IT?
IT'S NOTHING.
IT'S JUST...COME ON, I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.
WHAT ABOUT DEAN?
LET HIM SLEEP. THIS IS JUST FOR YOU TO SEE.


SEE THE SUN, SAM? PRETTY, ISN'T IT?
YEAH.
JUST KEEP WATCHING, SAM. MY FATHER USED TO DO THIS WITH ME WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE. WATCH THE SUN. YOU TELL ME WHEN IT COMES ALL THE WAY UP. OKAY, BUDDY?
OKAY, DAD.
THAT'S GOOD, SAM. YOU TELL ME WHEN IT COMES ALL THE WAY UP.


NOW, DAD!
NOW!
NOW!
THAT'S GOOD, SAM.
WHATCHA GUYS DOING UP HERE?
JUST WANTED TO SHOW SAM THE SUNRISE.
ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE DARKNESS TURN INTO THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAY.
CHAPTER FOUR
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TO BE CONTINUED